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A. J. Pandian Tanjore.

A Village Scene.

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Illustrations :

A village scene ; Mrs. Chotalal G. Gandhi Maneckgaveri ; Srimati Shantabai Venga Sarkare ; Mrs. Kamala Devi Sharma ; the sweetmeat wallah ; the Andromeda nebula.

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Editor and Manager
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degree, dependent upon the thorough and general understanding of a common tongue. The common tongue, inasmuch as it is the basis of a common literature, is indispensable to the establishment of national ideals and of national systems of thought.

To the individual, the cultivation of the vernacular is also of great importance. It is in the first place, his instrument in all his communications with others; it is in the second place, the instrument by which his aesthetic needs are chiefly served; it is, in the third place, the means by which he arrives at intellectual consciousness.

The system of education that is imparted in schools and colleges in modern days is not a commendable one. Year after year we see many of our young men taking the respective degrees at the Convocation all to no purpose. They all try to become merely quill-driving machines, without knowing any solid and substantial work, that will be of practical value to them in their lives. The problem of unemployment becomes keener and keener and we see the unhappy fate of several of our young graduates, who are thrown out of employment and who do not know anything more than reading and writing and passing their examinations. Moreover, the instruction that they receive at schools and colleges is neither steady nor sound. They get only a superficial and smattering knowledge of the various subjects, that they study for their examinations.

The present system of holding examinations is very taxing to young boys. This, instead of making them more efficient, makes them on the other hand very dull and they tremble at the approach of an examination. They look upon examinations as though they are night-mares. Naturally we find some sort of deterioration among the school-going population year after year. This deterioration is due to three causes :—

(1) The incapacity of the students in studying their subjects properly to get through their examinations,

(2) The incompetency of teachers to teach efficiently and thoroughly, so as to make the students have a clear grasp of the subject,

(3) The idiosyncrasies of the examiners in awarding marks to the candidates while correcting their answer papers and so forth.

Instances are not wanting of many young men, who commit suicide simply because they are not able to succeed in their examinations and get the degrees. People attach too much importance to degrees like B. A., and M. A., and rest themselves contented, considering them as the sole criterion of success in their lives. Nowhere in the world except in India does such a foolish notion

prevail among the people. The thirst for taking degrees is rampant and consequently the health of the students is considerably impaired.

The necessity for teaching the vernacular in Elementary schools is universally accepted. In those schools, which best exemplify the recent development of elementary education, no feature is more interesting or more significant than the increase in the number of subjects in the curriculum. A typical modern school contains many things unthought-of in the instruction given a few decades ago.

Most of the teachers of vernaculars in our High Schools follow a particular stereotyped way of teaching poetry and prose. They take up a stanza and proceed at once to explain the meaning of the stanza, the grammatical peculiarities, etc., without making any attempt to arouse the emotional feelings of the pupils. They generally do not give a critical survey of the life of the author, his skill at versification or his imagination. They merely train the boys to answer the questions set for the examination. In this connection, we may quote Mr. Jadhav, who says, "That a University must prescribe books and hold examinations is in the nature of things only natural. But the prescribing of books, and holding of examinations, is not the be-all and end-all of a University, and the fact that all the work is carried on in English, which is a foreign language, sets up barriers between the natural and national life of the people and that of the students who go to the University. The fact that a foreign language is the medium of instruction means necessarily that the students are forced to cram, cram, cram, until their brain becomes entirely useless for original thinking. There are here and there a few brilliant exceptions, but they only help to prove the general rule that most of the students have a hard time of it during their college years. That the health of the students has suffered considerably under the present system of university education can be seen by all who have eyes to see."

It may appear rather strange that the question of adopting the vernacular as the medium of instruction in high schools should need such discussion in these days, when all leading educationists are unanimous in their views regarding the salutary influences of such a reform. Language is only a means and the end in acquisition of knowledge; as such, what matters really is *ideas* and not *words*. Most of the men and boys of the present generation have no clear and definite ideas about many of the most ordinary things of everyday life, and this vagueness is due to the fact that they read them through a foreign medium. It is foolish to give undue prominence to any one language (for example)—English—and there is no reason why the percentage of marks for a pass should be 35 in English and 30 in other subjects. The difficulty pointed out by

some of the critics regarding the paucity of good text books is not so insuperable, and at the most the plea is valid only for the temporary and short period of transition, and we may be sure that in course of time suitable books will be forthcoming, as in the neighbouring Osmania University.

Some may say that teaching art subjects through the medium of the vernacular is not so difficult, and it is really hard to teach science subjects, first because science has progressed by leaps and bounds, and secondly because of the difficulty in finding exact words for many of the technical terms. The difficulty about the vocabulary can be easily solved, if a committee of experts be appointed with instructions to draw up a lexicon of scientific terminology to adopt in future text books.

We may also add that, since making the vernacular the medium does not do away with English altogether, the English terms themselves can be printed within brackets, so that the boys may grasp them with greater ease. For this, some sort of training for a short period must be given to the science masters (teachers), so that they may equip themselves better in teaching their subjects.

There may be some possible objection, that the proposed reform cannot be carried out easily, because of India's political connection with England, and that since, when all the subjects are taught through the medium of English, the efficiency of the boys is at a low ebb, it will be lower still, if all subjects except English are taught through the medium of the vernacular.

The answer to this question is simple. The reason for the low standard of the boys is due to the medium being a foreign tongue; and, if the boys are taught subjects like History,Geography, Science, etc., in their own vernacular and allowed to answer the questions in it, their standard of performance in the examination will rise considerably high. India's political connection with England has nothing to do with the question on hand, for it has to be seen purely from an educational point of view; and as the national point cannot be totally divorced from the educational it has to be examined from that point of view too.

Thus, the advantages that a person gains by receiving instruction through his mother tongue are ; *(a)* from a personal point of view, the saving of energy, and money, which can be more profitably utilized in other important directions. A boy takes greater time for the study of books in English than in his vernacular. Side by side with the saving of time, energy and money are also saved.

Moreover, the easiness and quickness of learning things in the vernacular is greater and keener, than in English. The teachers

are able to express their thoughts thoroughly and clearly and to appeal to the emotions of the boys, which tends to the development of feeling in them. Further, the intellectual effort in understanding an idea in a foreign tongue leaves no room for aesthetic appreciation.

(*b*) From the country's point of view :—

Educating the masses through their mother tongue is easier and quicker and renders the spread of culture very simple and possible. Hence, there is ample scope for increasing the percentage of literates among the masses. There must be unity among the language areas. There should be no difference or quarrel about the greatness or popularity of any one language, say Tamil, Telugu, Canarese or Malayalam. Segregation among them is detrimental to Indian nationality. All are sister languages and so all must be improved. We must study them and devote more attention and time to study modern vernacular literature. We must modernise vernaculars, all of us working unitedly without distinction of caste or creed.

For whatever purpose we learn a language, some knowledge of the history of the people who speak the language is necessary. None can grasp its intellectual or æsthetic qualities,—without a knowledge of the conditions under which it is used and has been developed as an instrument in the expression of thought and beauty.

It is our business, as Indian men and Indian women, to teach Indian boys and girls intelligent patriotism. Part of that lesson lies in our Indian stories. It is our business as teachers of languages to teach Indian boys and girls the patriotism of India. It is also our bounden duty to teach them that this knowledge of India is an essential of our national life. Let us teach them, that we need statesmen and soldiers and men of business who know India, and to know India they must know the language and history of India. Let us teach them that every boy and every girl who learns that language and that history will add to the health and strength of this country. Finally, we must have a common language that will link us with the other parts of India, as well as with the world. That is undoubtedly English and no other language. So we must have English as a compulsory second language for intercourse with other provinces of India and with the world at large.

If India wishes to make any progress culturally and intellectually, if her citizens want to add to the stock of human knowledge of her children, if they have to grow up as patriotic and self-respcting citizens of the country, and if they care for the substance and not the shadow, vernaculars must be made the medium of instruction in High Schools, and later on in Colleges too, and the sooner the reform is carried out the better will it be for all oncerned.

WHEN I AM OLD.

(To M. D.)

When I am old and Life has flung me by
  And I sit musing o'er what Time has brought
Of joy, and every unavailing sigh,
  —And Death itself becomes an idle thought,

When all the idols I have set apart
  Are crumbled and are long-forgotten things,
And I fold hands across my empty heart
  Hushing its vain and fretful murmurings,

Then, O most faithful, in my backward glance,
  I know I shall recall your quietude,
Dim shadows of past dreams and old romance,
  Friendship, and song where bygone memories brood;

—These shall my thoughts be, when at length I keep
  My last long vigil ere I fall asleep.

E. H. d'A.

MAKE YOUR PHOTOGRAPHY PAY

(BY STANLEY JEPSON OF "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY OF INDIA.")

"Yes, Photography is a great hobby, but—"

There is a *but* to most hobbies, and in this case the amateur photographer will add that "it is expensive." That it can be an expensive hobby is shown by the excellent dividends paid by Eastman Kodak Company and the many other firms who cater for all the needs of the button-presser. Nowadays, one can secure photographic films and other necessaries in almost every Indian bazaar, and if any clever statician could work out the total length of films exposed for snapshot albums each year all over the world, and see how many times this would girdle the earth, the result would be staggering.

Yet many clever amateur photographers reimburse themselves for the cost of plates, films or papers etc. The others, who do not, have merely not discovered just how to do it. Illustrated journalism has increased during recent years to an enormous extent, and modern tendencies are for it to go on increasing. The demand for the right sort of pictures is world-wide, and India in particular has vast opportunities in this respect, many of them totally unexplored.

It is extraordinary how many budding literary contributors ask editors that very vexing question "What sort of articles do you require?" The obvious reply is, of course, "Study the paper and you will soon find out." The same thing applies to photographs. Each illustrated paper has its own atmosphere, and by studying this one can soon discover exactly what it needs. Whether the amateur photographer can meet this need depends on his flair for *seeing* and for *making* pictures. But he or she may take heart from the assurance that in India much of the best work published comes from amateur's cameras. But the pictures which appear have to be selected from a mass of material, ninety-nine per cent of which could not be published through technical defects, and even if it could be the subject matter is not of sufficient general interest to warrant publication.

Mention of a few of these technical defects may help. For reproduction purposes, pictures—unless they are single heads or other bold objects lacking detail—cannot very well be smaller than quarter-plate size ($4\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches), and half-plate or postcard size is really better. If intended for reproduction on a larger scale, pictures should be enlarged to 10×8 or 12×10. An amateur photographer, who has never messed about with an enlarger, has lost half the joy of his hobby: portions most suitable for reproduction can be picked out and brought up, and generally much better prints can be obtained than by contact. But, if you do your own enlarging for press purposes, be careful to get the right exposure and a developer which gives that rich velvet black, which art editors love. The picture need not be harsh, but it must be contrasty. Those delicate tonal values which all good artist-photographers strive after are essential for the exhibition walls, but they have a habit of getting lost in the block-making department. So many otherwise good enlargements have that washed-out appearance (often due to over-exposure or old developer), which is the sole cause of the little rejection slip being attached. If you have no enlarger and do not wish to spend money on having an enlargement made, send a contact print and the film. Don't send plate-negatives through the post unless asked to do so: they are a nuisance and have a habit of getting broken. For press work use all films, not plates.

The best type of print for blockmaking is one that is not too dark, with crisp boldness and detail in sharp focus. Soft-focus effects, which look so attractive on photographic paper, rarely print well on fast-printing machines, unless they are worked on art paper and given some size. It is useless submitting a print out of focus, or with dark clogged shadows through over-exposure An artist can touch up prints here and there to prevent details being lost, or to accentuate weak shadows, but he cannot make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

But one can assume that the amateur who is out to submit prints regularly to newspapers and magazines can avoid any technical defects. Far more imp rtant is the selection of the subject. *You* may be deeply interested in some picture, because of its associations; it brings back to memory many pleasant little incidents. But this is no reason why it should interest the average reader. Those pictures which arrest the attention of your friends as they turn over the pages of your album, pictures which make many people smile, or even gasp, through the story they tell in unmistakable language, pictures which imprint themselves on memory, these are the kind which will be left for final selection after the obvious rejects are cleared off an art-editor's desk.

If you do not quite understand what is meant by the above, then study the pages of illustrated papers published in America (the standard of press photograph there is miles above that of any other country), England, India etc. You will find the photographs are divided into those of (a) news events of purely topical interest; (b), sets of pictures of travel, scentific, archeological, or other special interest; (c), those of outstanding pictorial merit. These divisions are not clearly defined, and often overlap.

The amateur, who has the habit of carrying his camera on morning strolls or motor tours, will often come across pictures of news interest, especially in these stirring times. His pictures must show life and movement, but the unfortunate fact is that life and movement tend to dry up when a lens is pointed at them. Do your work quickly before your presence has had this effect: good press photography has all the elements of speed and angle of vision of big game shooting, though few of its thrills. Remember that most people like seeing their pictures in print, and are often ready to oblige with a pose, or to walk towards one etc., but, if you have to do this, pretend to take your photograph, say "Thank you," and then press the shutter a second afterwards. The result will be more natural in expression and in every way. Some of the best pictures of people I have seen have been taken with a mirror fixed at right. angles inside a brass tube in front of the tube, so that people never knew they were being taken,

Because an event is important, it is not necessarily interesting from a pictorial point of view. Each year on January first proclamation parades are held all over India, and each year shortly afterwards hundreds of photographs are sent round to illustrated papers; and each year the same day they go back again, with the usual regrets. Aeroplanes dipping in salute in a picturesque setting, an unexpected event in the parade, a smiling child stroking the regimental mascot—yes, these things are possible. For the rest, all the parades look alike and are worthless for press purposes.

Wherever a provincial Governor goes, dozens of press photographers feel impelled to expose dozens of films all looking alike. Waste!

Each year thousands of cameras are taken to beautiful Cashmir, and thousands of prints of the same beauty spots are sent to illustrated papers who already have much better prints of the same places, all carefully filed. Wasted effort and disappointment. The same applies all the year round to all the usual "show places" and fine old ruins in India. Some of these prints might be used as illustrations to brightly-written articles, but apart from this it is waste of time submitting them to the papers.

Cultivate an eye for press pictures in everyday walks of life. India is brimming over with them, and London Art editors are constantly scanning the pages of illustrated papers published overseas and cabling for this or that. Study the original camera angles, which are such a clever feature of modern cinema films, and get something out of the ordinary. Choose a view point which avoids a dismal blank foreground, and if there is nothing in the foreground put something there. If you are working with a very small viewfinder the size of a postage stamp, cut out an oblong from a piece of card and isolate your view through this.

Don't write a letter when submitting a press photograph, unless absolutely necessary. Type or attach on the back of the print a brief caption stating the usual what, when, where and how etc., and add your name and address, otherwise how can you be paid for it? If you expect to get it back in the case of rejection, attach a stamped envelop, and the whole will go at printed matter rates, with the envelope unstuck.

If you have something out of the ordinary which you think suitable for papers in England or America, you will find it too expensive and too troublesome to submit prints to individual papers and magazines. The best method is to send the films to an agency, who will do all the printing and submitting, deducting about forty per cent from sales for this purpose. There are plenty of reliable agencies who will do this, returning your films afterwards—unless you ask them to keep them for stock purposes, if they are portraits or places likely to come into the news from time to time. Number the films in the corners and have all the captions typed under corresponding numbers on a separate sheet of paper. The same method may be used when sets of pictures are submitted to newspapers for use as whole pages etc. There are also many press photographic agencies who will print and send round inside India, and if you are busy with your camera, this will be found much the best and most economical method. These agencies know the tastes of different publications and will not waste time sending out pictures which have no chance of acceptance.

But don't be deceived. Don't expose films right and left and think you are going to make money. With markets as great and widesspread as they are, the supply of first-class pictures is enormous. But there is always room for the best, for out of the way photographs from out of the way pictures etc. If you have eyes to see and brains to make such pictures, you will not make an income: but you may easily cover the cost of all materials,. and find a renewed joy and interest in what has hitherto been only a snapshot-album hobby.

OUR HISTORICAL ARTICLE

GEORGE SAND.

ARMANDINE Lucile Aurore known as George Sand was a celebrated French authoress of the 19th century. She was born in 1804 and died in 1876. The long years of her life synchronized with thrilling events in the history of her country. She was born under a republic and died 72 years later under a republic, after living under Empires, Monarchies and Revolutions. The year of her birth witnessed the fall of the Republic set up in August 1792 and the proclamation of Napoleon Bonaparte as Emperor. She lived to see the fall of the Empire and the restoration of the Bourbon Monarchy in 1814 ; the Revolution of 1830 and the appointment of Louis Philippe as the 'King of the French'; the convulsions of 1848 and the abdication of Louis Philippe ; the rise to power of Louis Napoleon, a nephew of the great Napoleon, as President of the French Republic and his proclamation of 1852 as Emperor ; the great tragedy of 1870 and the flight of Napoleon to England : and the outbreak and suppression of revolutionary Socialism known as "the Commune" which threatened the total subversion of society and the final establishment of a republican regime in 1875.

Aurore came into the world in somewhat romantic circumstances. Her father in whose veins ran the blood of heroes and kings, was a man of buoyant temperament with a strong natural leaning for art, music and drama. But the political conditions of France in his days gave him no choice but to enter the army. He had won his commission on the field of Marengo where he met with a daughter of a poor bird-seller at Paris and fell violently in love with her. The woman was four years his senior and was thoroughly uneducated and undisciplined but gifted with considerable beauty. Such was the infatuation of the young lieutenant for her that he married her secretly at Paris four years later, to the great sorrow of his mother, a thorough aristocrat in her disposition, and to the grave concern of his elders. Nevertheless, the

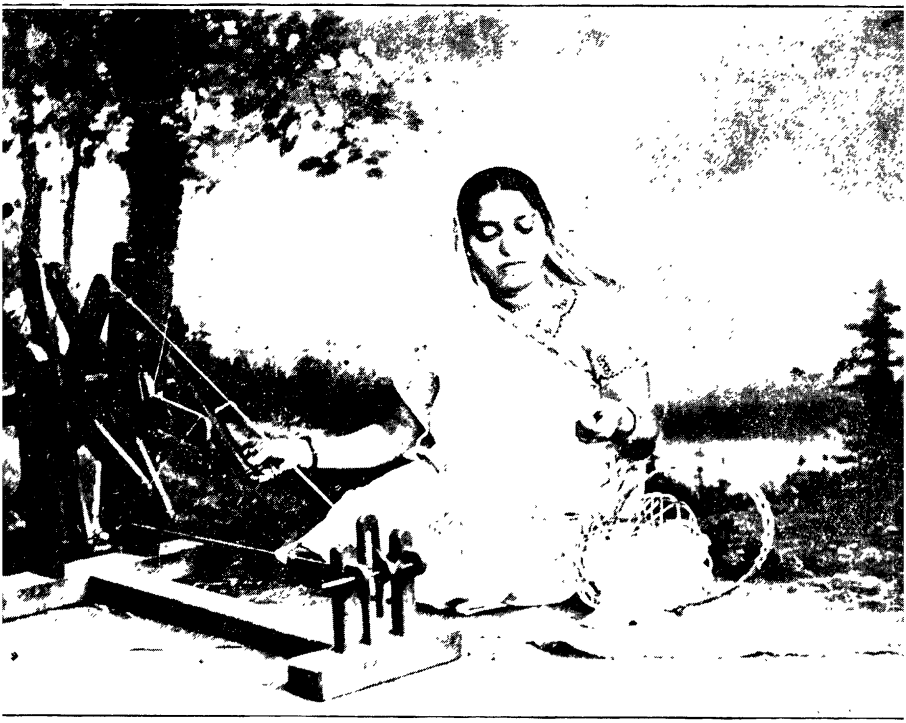
union which lasted only for a few years was happy. Aurore herself wrote afterwards that "never was there a better-assorted couple and that they could never be happy except in their own little *menage*".

When she was hardly five years old, Aurore lost her father. Her plebian mother and her patrician grandmother could not agree with each other and the guardianship of Aurore was a cause of strife between them. Although Aurore's heart declared unreservedly for her mother, the material advantages offered by her grandmother's guardianship decided that she should be the latter's ward. Her attachment to her grandmother had a slow growth. All the standards of culture and propriety and the temptations of rank and wealth held up by that high-born lady, could not turn her granddaughter from the unrestrained and simple affections of the mother. They only resulted in creating in the child a premature dislike and distrust for conventional ideals. Aurore was but ten years old when she pronounced that the lot of a scullery maid was enviable, compared with that of a marchioness! There was little or no method in Aurore's early education. Some studies she took with avidity and some she detested. She had no liking for arithmetic and versification, but enjoyed history and literature. When she was thirteen, she had done a good deal of desultory reading but acquired very little of those accomplishments which society considered desirable for young ladies. Her grandmother therefore decided that she should have schooling in the English convent at Paris, where girls of high social rank were taught. Three years in the convent converted Aurore from a harmlesslv mischievous and playful insubordinate girl into a serious maid with a strong inclination for a monastic life. Alarmed at this, her grandmother removed her from the convent.

When Aurore left the convent, she felt that she had learnt nothing there. She therefore determined to educate herself as best she could by miscellaneous reading. In her grandmother's house at Nohant, about three miles from the little town of Lachatre, she sat up all night with books and developed a taste for secular knowledge which shook her determination to take the veil. She plunged fearlessly and headlong into the works of famouns philosophers, metaphysicians, mystics and poets. Above all these, she took to Jean Jacques Rousseau, and that poet-moralist helped her in solving the question of her true vocation in life. She shocked the people of Nohant by leading a gay and unconventional life. She rode on horseback, went game shooting and walked in boy's clothes. Her grandmother dying a year or so later, she returned to her mother only to find that she had become something of a termagent. Life became miserable to her and she found a way of escape in marrying Casimir Dudevant, a young man who had served in the army and studied for the law.

Mrs. Kamala Devi Sharma,
one of the most devoted Congress volunteers of Allahabad, who has presented a fancy metal national flag, electrically illuminated (with the figure of a charka) which was recently hoisted by Mrs. Uma Nehru on the Clock Tower in the Chowk at Allahabad.

Photo;- Indian News Agency, Srirangam.



MRS. CHHOTALAL GHELABHA GANDHI MANECKGAVERI,
who has been appointed a Member of Broach District School Board
She is seen in the picture plying the Charka.

Photo by :— Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

Aurore was eighteen when she married. She settled down with her husband at Nohant, expecting a quiet country life. She voluntarily handed over to her husband the proprrty she had inherited from her grand-mother and depended upon him even for pocket-money But it soon became apparent that the husband and wife were incompatible with each other. Dudevant knew not the nature of his wife's mind and to the last had nothing but contempt for her intelligence. The disparity between the husband and wife grew day by day, despite their having two children, a boy and a girl to care for. Madame Dudevant, disgusted with the habits and company of her husband, determined to part from him. The Revolution of 1830 opened a new prospect to her for she, in common with the other young intellectuals of France, saw new hopes and ambitions for the world in general and her own country in particular. Securing liberty from her husband on condition that she should have the care of her two children and not more than £120 a year out of her fortune, she went up to Paris to pursue a literary career. It was a bold adventure as, with all her extraordinary spirit and energy she had received no artistic training and enjoyed none of the advantages of intellectual society.

Madame Dudevant "crossed the Rubicon" in the first days of January 1831. On arrival at Paris, a popular novelist to whom she was recommended told her that a woman ought not to write at all! She was informed that her sex had no place whatever in literature. But she was not unnerved. About six weeks after her arrival, she wrote to a friend, "the more I encounter, the more I am resolved to proceed". True to her resolve, she plunged into writing and gave it up only when the time came for her to die. Age did not abate her literary force. At seventy, she could write with as much vigour as she did at thirty For forty-five years she engaged her pen in turning out novels, articles, pastorals and drama. Her first novel 'Rose et Blanche' was written in collaboration with her friend Jules Sandeau and published under his *non de plume* of Jules Sand. The literary partenership did not last long Her next novel 'Indiana', which made her immediately famous, was entirely by her own hand. In publishing it, she had to change the signature. As the publisher was anxious to connect it with the first novel, she decided to change the prefix from 'Jules' to George. Hence the name of George Sand by which she came to be known to the literary world.

George Sand came up to Paris at an exceptionally brilliant epoch in French imaginative literature. Such a burst of talent as that which marked the beginning of Louis Phillippe's reign stands without an example in the literary history of France. Victor Hugo Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset and Honore de Balzac were the most brilliant of the stars which were shining at the time on

the literary firamament. Within two years, George Sand found herself raised to eminence among them. Her output was tremendous. More than half a hundred romances stand to her credit and most of them dealt with love entanglements of a kind that the convention of English fiction did not sanction.

In August 1833, George Sand met Alfred de Musset at a dinner. Both became enamoured of each other and de Musset felt that it was worth exchanging the whole world for having George Sand as his wife! But this infatuation lived only for a short time. They journeyed through Italy for six months and separated at Venice. Eighteen months after this discreditable episode, George Sand applied for a judicial separation from her husband under legal advice, with the support and approval of friends of both parties. Though judgment was awarded in her favour and as a result of it she came back to the possession of her property and to the companionship of her children, she was subjected to annoyance; and three years passed before she came to a final settlement and was completely free of her husband.

After a year spent abroad for recruitment of health, George Sand ran a period of successful literary activity until the explosion of 1848. For four years preceeding the explosion, she associated herself with the spread of liberal ideas and the enlightenment of the masses on all subjects. When in February 1848, the Royal family fled and a Provincial government was set up, she urged upon all true patriots and philanthropists to consecrate their energies to the cause of the new Republic. But the terrible bloodshed which followed four months later, horrified her womanly and poetical nature. She retired from active politics for some time. Even after the cry came for order at any price and France declared for the rule of Louis Bonaparte, she withdrew more and more from the strife of political parties. But the Coup D'Etat of Louis Napoleon in December 1851 dragged her from the privacy of her life. She appeared as a mediator between the Emperor and his victims some of whom were comrades of her childhood and many were friends and acquaintances. Her office as a mediator was not appreciated and once again, she turned away from politics and devoted her best energies to literature. Soon she was fated to learn that she had outlived the period of which she was so brilliant a representative. As with Byron, Dickens and other popular celebrities, a phase of infinite enthusiasm for her writings was succeeded by a phase of determined depreciation. Nevertheless, her old age was fuller, brighter and more active than the youth of most men and women. The last five years of her life saw her pen in full activity. She was pained at the abasement of her country in 1870, but she had the fortune to witness the dawn of a new era of prosperity. When she died on the 8th of June 1876, the vital

The Andromeda Nebula.

forces of France had in the end prevailed over its successive ills. Although her life's work had been mainly accomplished long before, the extinction of her intelligence was felt in high literary circles as a 'Diminution of humanity'.

George Sand's funeral was conducted with extreme simplicity according to her own taste and spirit. The scene was however a memorable one. "The rain fell in torrents, but no one seemed to regard it; the country-people flocking in from miles around, old men standing bare-headed for hours, heedless of the deluge. The peasant and the prince, Parisians, leaders of the world of thought and letters and the humblest and most unlearned of her poor neighbours, stood together over her grave".

I. D. TANGASWAMI.

OUR INSTRUCTIVE ARTICLE.

POPULAR ASTRONOMY.

SERIES III.

IN the previous two articles, we made a brief survey of the Solar system. Now we shall take up the stellar system. The countless twinkling points of light, which adorn the night sky are huge suns like our own. Light rays travel at the tremendous rate of 186 thousand miles per second. The distance covered by light in one year is known as one 'light year.' The nearest star to our Solar system, is five light years away. The ancients divided the stars into various groups known as constellations. The stars are assigned different magnitudes, the brightest being placed under the first magnitude and so on. The star Sirius, now visible, is the brightest in the sky. It is 9 light years away from our system. The star Polaris marks the northpole of the heavens. The stars appear to be fixed, an effect due to their enormous distances from us. All the stars in space including our sun are moving at tremendous rates.

Only a few thousands of stars are visible to the naked eye, but the telescope reveals many millions. There are very many double stars, that is stars revolving round one another. The star Sirius is a binary. There may be more than two stars in a system. Variable stars show a regular variation in brightness. Spectroscopic research has proved that most of the variable stars are binaries and that the variation is due to the eclipsing of the components. The star Algol, in Perseus is a typical variable. There is a special class of stars known as the 'Cepheid' variables. In the case of these bodies, the variation is due to alternate expansion and contraction, and hence they are known as pulsating stars. Astronomers have not

yet well understood the laws governing these bodies. 'New' or temporary stars are very remarkable objects. At times, we find a very bright new star in some part of the sky, which completely vanishes in the course of a few months. This celestial catastrophe is the outcome of the explosion of some star. Such explosions may be due to the sudden release of the vast amount of sub-atomic energy in certain stars. Most of the stars are made up of familiar terrestrial elements, as evidenced by the spectroscope. They are divided into several groups according to the spectrum that they give. Our sun is a G type star. The white belt across the sky known as the Milky Way or the Galaxy is a vast aggregation of stars and star clusters. Its immense dimensions go to show, that it is a separate Universe in itself to which the sun belongs.

When the sky is examined through a telescope, we find patches of light, which resemble very thin high clouds. Some of them are diffuse and some are spiral shaped The great diffuse nebula in Orion is thousands of light years away. The spectroscope reveals the presence of hydrogen, helium and other gases in this nebula. These gaseous nebulae reflect the light from the stars in the vicinity. The great nebula in the Andromeda is a spiral nebula. It is one million light years away and its dimensions are inconceivable. The Andromeda nebula is an island universe containing billions and billions of star systems.

We have now made a very rapid survey of the Universe. Everywhere, matter is transformed into radiant energy and radiant energy in its turn is converted into matter. This cycle will go on for ever. The same Divine law operates throughout the Universe, from the cosmic dance of the electron to the majestic movement of the spiral nebula. Space is infinite and time is eternal.

C. K. MONEY.

LIFE.

CAN one cease to fear the ignorance that has been forced up n the subconscious mind of Man and Woman all these years, and the many delusions and tricks that play upon the conscious mind?

What a wonderful thing life is to those who have come into a flexiblity of spirit and mind open to newer and better truths, combined with a passion of soul to grasp and fathom them by comparative sources of knowledge! But pity those who are not yet awake, stunted by the shackles that bind them. One must

spend years in darkness and suffering, before they come into that inner light of guidance.

Let us see Life at times as energy. How deceiving can the conceptions of Life be, and how little do the established standards of ethical principles apply to the development of your, and my life! Analyze standards, and one finds that they all produce attempts to end things, make them secure and lasting Man hits upon a near truth or revelation, and he becomes so overjoyed that he makes a law of it, and says—this is fact!—let us secure it before it gets away from us. Others say—I have found love—this is what I seek. I shall not let it get away from me. I shall wall it up, restrict it, keep it for myself. But like Life itself, it is not a tangible thing, we cannot possess it; we can at best possess only those truths and knowledge which create it. What we have today is but a step to a greater thing, a better condition; more ideal, and more perfect. Life is not this or that, but energy, will, determination, and the seeking of perfection. Some say it is love. But has our ideal of love ever had the best of vision? Love prompted by the law of Nature and sex, is but the urge to harmonize and unite with that which we feel is to uplift and unify us with universal energy, of which we need not know the goal; because, as long as we have the conscious feeling of right, then, we are true to the laws of our being, and Nature. To know Life is to feel it, and live it.

Some there are, and many, many of them, who need ends, terms, and support of certain customs and standards by which to live; but others who have awakened, who live by the inner laws of their being—live. Nature teaches them error, conscience right, provided they ever reinforce it by all the knowledge they can get from all sources.

Those who set out to govern us have every reason to make a mystery of Life. But do we not see all about us creation in Nature? It is evolving, expanding, maturing into great individuality, beauty, grace, and vitality, each having a mission in perfecting its own powers. Let it suffice that we are allowed to be the instruments of an inner power that expands and matures through us, and our only social duty is to honor the same law in others of our species, to honor, and love those who harmonize, and to inspire us to create ourselves greater and better.

Napoleon Bernard.

THE MAID OF MALABAR

THE sun was setting behind the distant hills as Patrick O'Neill rode furiously through the jungle. He had been away at

a neighbouring village, when his syce arrived and informed him that a gentleman had arrived at his bungalow, and was there awaiting his arrival. O'Neill's natural courtesy was the cause of his haste, as he didn't like to keep his guest waiting. Besides *this, it was so very seldom that a visitor came to those parts that O'Neill was anxious to meet his guest, whoever he might be.*

'One had not to be extraordinarily observant to realise that O'Neill was an unusually good horseman, and to the man standing on his front verandah he looked an extremely picturesque and graceful figure as he galloped down the pathway leading to the bungalow.

On arrival, he dismounted and greeted his guest cordially. Both men took an instinctive liking to each other as they shook hands.

"My name is Mulcahy," said the visitor; "and mine is O'Neill," replied his host.

"Awfully sorry to have kept you waiting, old man," said O'Neill, "but my syce only just informed me of your arrival, and I immediately hurried round."

"It's quite all right," replied his guest." "I only hope I haven't inconvenienced you in any way. I have recently joined a Timber Company at Jarsugada and am now on my way to the new forest, which the Company have taken over from Government."

"It's a rare treat to have a visitor in these parts," said O'Neill, "and I'm sure you're more than welcome. Please make yourself at home."

With that they called for drinks, and within a few minutes, these two men were on quite friendly terms. They were both fine types of Irish manhood, but totally unlike. If anything, O'Neill was the handsomer of the two. Though only 24 years of age, there was a peculiar sadness about his grey eyes which arrested one's attention. In fact, it didn't take Mulcahy long to realise that here was a man who had some secret sorrow. He couldn't help but think his gay manner was assumed

However, he played his cards well, and but for that far-away look in his eyes, a less observant man than Mulcahy would have noticed nothing unusual about O'Neill's handsome face. In build, he was tall and slim, and his graceful movements gave one the impression of hidden strength. The mouth was firm, in spite of his charming manners Mulcahy concluded that O'Neill was the sort of man who never knew when he was beaten, a man who would make a good friend, but a bad enemy. He would certainly have looked more than his years but for the soft dark curls which fell over his forhead and gave him an extremely boyish look.

On the other hand Mulcahy was somewhat older, and more reserved. He had a cultured face, and honest brown eyes which called for confidence. Both were good sportsmen and had much in common, and so they talked away ; and before they had realised it, the night had set in and darkness had fallen over the great Indian jungle.

At one moment there was a lull in the conversation, and both men looked out into the impenetrable night ; the stillness of which was only broken by the occasional yell of a hungry jackal and the croaking of frogs. A thousand thoughts flashed through the minds of these two men, who were far from their homes and loved ones ; and the mysterious fascination of the East seemed to over-power them. The silence was becoming oppressive, when suddenly out of the night there came the long-drawn-out cry of a jackal. O'Neill seemed to become nervous, and moved his chair. Mulcahy tried to scan his friend's face, but the darkness was intense.

"Great God ! Did you hear that ? sounds like the cry of a lost soul doesn't it ?" said O'Neill. "It certainly does sound eerie," replied Mulchay, "that reminds me of a story," said he, "It was......"

However at that moment dinner was announced and nothing more was said. O'Neill seemed unusually silent during dinner, and it was not until they had finished that he seemed to realise that he had not been too sociable.

He suddenly apologised for his unintentional silence, and abruptly suggested that they should have some music.

"Do you play the piano or sing, old man?" said O'Neill to his guest.

"Well just a bit," replied Mulcahy.

"Oh, do sing something !" said O'Neill. With that, Mulcahy sat at the piano and sang a song which carried O'Neill back into the bitter past, a past which he had tried so hard to forget ! but alas ! he realised now how futile all his efforts had been. Though the weary years had stretched their length between him and the only one he had ever loved, yet it seemed only like yesterday that they had been together. Once again in fancy he looked into a pair of soft dreamy brown eyes, and kissed the warm red yielding lips of the beautiful little Indian Maid,who, on one occasion, had swum out into the dark, turbulent, treacherous waters of the Mahanadi River and saved him from drowning It all came back to him so vividly. He thought of their secret meetings at night beneath the palm trees on the river shore. And he remembered her telling him with sweet shy pride that she was from the Malabar Coast, which was famous for its lovely women. And from that day he had called her his little maid of Malabar. He remembered how he had told her that he had made arrangements with the missionary to marry them. And then

—great God! The thought nearly killed him. She had disappeared quite suddenly, without leaving, any trace behind. He remembered going night after night to their meeting-place on the shore of the beautiful Mahanadi River, in the hope of seeing his little love.

And, once, when in his terrible grief he cried out to her, the yell of a hungry jackal came back to him on the still night air. It was the same cry which he had heard tonight. All unconscious of the pain which he was causing his friend, Mulcahy sang on in his sweet tenor voice which rang out into the silent night with a mellowed clearness, and still clearer rang the words :

"And I see the crowded city, and the
Palm trees on the shore,
But the little maid who loved me is
There no more, no more."

The infinite tenderness of his voice filled O'Neill's soul with unspeakable grief. He felt that he couldn't stand the strain any longer, and in a voice grown hoarse with anguish he requested Mulcahy to stop singing.

The latter immediately turned to his companion and was shocked to see the change which had come over his countenance. "Feeling ill, old man?" said he sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do for you?" With that O'Neill pulled himself together. "Oh! I am all right, thank you," he replied But he left as if his heart was breaking, and that he'd go mad if he didn't confide in somebody. And, as he scanned Mulcahy's face, he knew that here was a man he could trust implicitly. The latter read O'Neill's thoughts.

"Look here old man," said he. "You and I don't know anything about each other, but if there is anything you'd like to tell me".—

Before he could finish, O'Neill grasped his hand, and in the great silence of the Indian forest these two men sealed the sacred bond of friendship, with a single handshake which meant more than words.

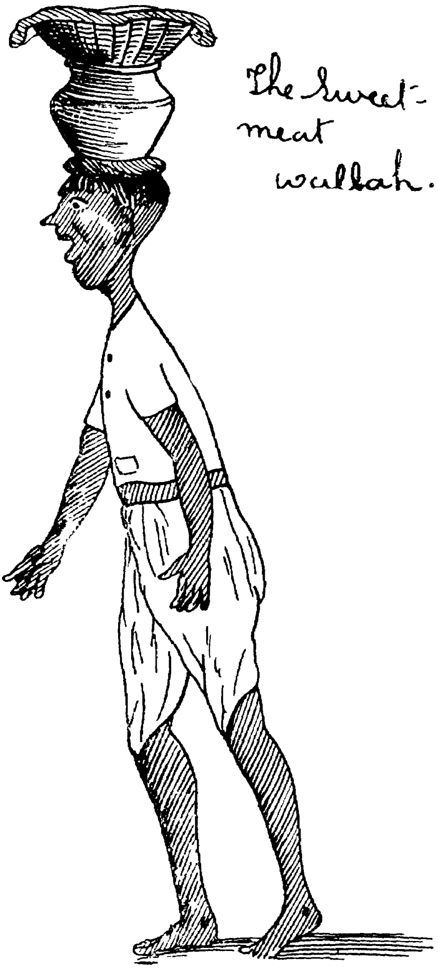
O'Neill then opened his heart to his friend. "I tried to bury my grief by hard work," said he. "But your song brought it all back. "And" he added simply, "I felt I couldn't bear my sorrow alone any longer, so I told you everything. Please forgive me for having troubled you, Mulcahy."

With that Mulcahy, laid his hand gently on his friend's shoulder. "And", said he, "I'm glad you told me everything-but-please call me Nick." "Thank you", replied O'Neill, "and I would deem it a great favour if you'd call me Pat." And from that moment these two men were as brothers to each other.

SRIMATI SHANTABAI VENGASARKARE,
the Captain of Dadar Deshsevika Sanga
(Bombay Presidency) who is taking active part
in Congress activities.

Photo :- Indian News Agency, Srirangam.

OUR SKETCH



R. I.

Nick felt that a change would do Pat good, so he asked him to accompany him on a shooting expedition to the Jarsugada forest. Pat accepted the invitation and the following morning they both set off in his motor car.

The Jarsugada forest was about 30 miles away from Pat's plantation, and it took them about three hours to get there.

On the way they passed a beautiful palace. "Grand place that!" said Nick. "To whom does it belong?" "Oh! that's the property of a settler blighter. He owns vast estates around here. Bought the whole show, I believe, from an Indian Zemindar. who went bankrupt. Everybody in the district, particularly the planters, was very cut up about the matter as the Zemindar was an absolute sport and a general favourite. As a matter of fact, he was everything that an Indian chief of ancient and noble ancestry should be; and, as already stated, he was held in high esteem by everybody. Can't say the same though of the new comer, or rather the fellow who bought in the property, for he's been here some years now. Muller, he calls himself."

"Muller?" queried Nick. "I ve heard some queer tales about him. Do you know him?" "Well, I've met him several times at the Gymkhana Club at Sambalpur, and public functions and things of that sort; but I've never cottoned on to him, somehow," replied Pat. "As a matter of fact, I have reason to believe that the noble baron rather dislikes me, owing to a little incident which occurred sometime back on the Sambalpur race-course. He is polite enough when he meets me, but"—Pat didn't finish what he was saying, for just then some deer ran across the road, and both men followed them with their eyes. "I say, this place is alive with game!" exclaimed Nick "What do you say to getting down here. We can leave the car behind a clump of bushes"

"Right you are!" exclaimed Pat; and with that they stopped the car, and alighted.

They entered the forest together, and had not gone far, when they heard the snarl of some wild animal. They stopped short and looked in the direction whence the noise came. "Sounds like a panther!" whispered Pat tensely. "This is just the sort of country for them. Rocks and caves and all that sort of thing." But before he could finish there was a crackling of the undergrowth, and a huge panther sprang across their path. As it did so, Nick raised his rifle and fired. He wounded the animal slightly, and with a furious snarling sound it disappeared into the jungle. Both friends were experienced Shikaris, and knowing that a wounded panther is the most deadly of foes, proceeded cautiously to track down the animal. They were in hilly country and the undergrowth was extremely thick, so they made very slow

progress. In their excitement, the hours sl pped by, and before they realised it, they found that they were benighted. Darkness had suddenly enveloped them, and with it there came the mysterious noises of the night. They were just about to decide as to what they would do, when they seemed to hear a hissing sound.

"Found him at last!" whispered Nick. They listened again. "I don't think that can be the panther," said Pat. "Sounds more like a snake." They were proceeding cautiously through the inky darkness, when suddenly the ground on which they were standing fell through. The next moment they felt as if they were being hurled through space and then they knew no more.

When Nick awoke it seemed to him as if he had been asleep for years. But in reality he had only been unconscious for a few minutes owing to his fall. He tried hard to collect his senses, but without effect. He had no count of time or anything else, and was trying hard to recollect matters, when suddenly he heard a sound. He listened again and this time it was more distinct. Though half-dazed, the instinct of self-preservation asserted itself immediately, and he drew his revolver. He was just about to fire, when a hand seemed to reach out through the impenetrable darkness and hold his. His nerves became taut.

"Great God!" He murmured hoarsely. "What was that? Am I losing my reason?" In his distress he spoke aloud. A groan from Pat, however, reassured him, and suddenly his memory came back. "Is that you Pat?" said he, in a loud voicc. Pat heard him and tried to sit up, but fell back with a groan.

"Steady, old boy!" said Nick as he groped about in the darkness for Pat. On finding him, he put.his whisky flask to his lips. This seemed to revive him somewhat, for he spoke, "Have I been sleeping long?" said he. "What an awful dream I had! "Don't quite remember it," he continue l, "But I distinctly heard a sweet voice singing that song of yours. Then my little girl seemed to come to me from the far-away. She seemed to be in great distress and somehow the Baron Muller and a huge snake were mixed up in the dream".

Nick didn't take much notice of what his friend was saying, but handed him his whisky flask again, as he thought he was still silly from the effects of his fall. Pat took the proffered drink, which revived him completely and almost immediately his usually keen senses became alert.

"Have you any idea as to where w · are?" said he. "Not the remotest" replied Nick. "All I remember is that we were walking in the direction of the hissing sound, when the earth seemed to open up and swallow us up. I'm feeling rather sore, old man," he added. "So am I,' replied Pat, "but the hole into which we

seen to have fallen cannot be very deep or we would have fared much worse. Anyhow, we'd better get out of this quickly, or that Panther will probably have one of us before long."

With that he struck a match to investigate their surroundings. As the light flickered, he discovered some steps just ahead of him. "I'm afraid that fall has knocked me silly, Nick," said he. "Why? what makes you think so?" queried his friend sympathetically.

"Looks uncommonly like a flight of steps ahead of us," he replied. "But surely I must be dreaming." With that he lit another match. And, there, right enough, was the flight of stone steps. They both seemed mystified. "Beastly mysterious!" whispered Nick. "I wonder where the devil we've landed!" "Looks like a sort of cave to me," said Pat. "Anyhow there must be a way out." And with that he lighted another match and cautiously descended the steps, his friend following him.

They lit matches by turns and eventually reached the bottom of the steps. Here the cave seemed to branch off. Pat was just about to take the turning to the left, when he felt a hand pull him back.

He stopped and struck another match As it flared, he realised that his pal's action had saved his life, for he found himself standing on the brink of a deep well. "My God!" he exclaimed, as he drew back, almost overcome with horror, as he thought of the fate which would have been his if he had taken another step. As it was, the dark waters seemed to hypnotise him, for he couldn't move but stood silently gazing into their awful depths. Then he drew back quickly, saying: "That was a near thing for me. You have saved my life, old pal, and I won't forget it." If you hadn't held my hand a minute back, I would have been drowned." Pat was just about to reply that he had not even touched his friend, when out of the impenetrable darkness there came a soft hissing sound. Both friends stood still, their nerves tense. Nick was the first to speak.

"If we don't find a way out quick," said he, "it will be a toss up between the panther and the well Of course, we've got our revolvers, but we won't stand much of a chance, under the present circumstances, against a wounded panther.

This is probably the cave where the family resides. So all said and done, Pat, we'd better say our prayers, because one way or the other we'll soon be in eternity."

"Anyhow," replied Pat, "I'll take this opportunity of saying good-bye to you, old pal." Both friends knew that they were trying to find humour in a situation which had completely overawed them. But it was in keeping with the traditions of the brave Irish race to which they belonged, to face death with a smile.

They shook hands in the darkness and moved forward to face the unknown. Death was awaiting them in a myriad different forms The cold damp walls were covered with huge hairy spiders whose sting meant instantaneous death But death from these, and the snakes and scorpions which moved about silently in the darkn ss was preferable to the prospect of dying from suffocation, as they would, if they didn't soon find a way out.

Just then something rustled past them, and their muscles became taut. "Good God!" cried Pat, "Did you see that?" "See what?" asked his friend "The white figure with the long flowing hair," replied Pat. "I saw nothing, old man, "said Nick, sympathetically, "I only heard a rustling sound. It must have been a bat or some other hideous noisome thing which hides in this damp slimy place." "Not at all!" said Pat "It seemed to disappear towards my right." They immediately moved forward in the direction indicated. They hadn't gone far, when they noticed a faint streak of lig it ahead of them. They moved forward slowly into the mysterious unknown As they reached the spot where the light came from, they heard a low hissing sound. Both men stood stock-still, and drew their revolvers. They were just about to fire, when the sound of a strangely weird music was borne to them on the stillness. They listened intently. The music stopped as suddenly as it had commenced.

Pat was about to speak when they heard the savage hissing sound again. And this time it seemed to be directly in front of them. Both men jumped back, and as they did so, Pat's shoulder struck the wall of the cave. This caused a small stone to fall away from the wall, and form a tiny aperture. Through the opening thus made, there came a distinct gleam of light. Pat leaned forward but could make out nothing. After a few minutes, however, his eyes grew accustomed to the peculiar light, and he began to discern objects moving about. But it was not until he had, after much difficulty, succeeded in removing another small stone that the whole ghastly scene met his gaze. What he saw turned him sick with mingled horror and fear. He was too stupefied to move. There on a bier lay his long-lost love dressed in white robes, with her long dark tresses covering her shoulders. Near her sat a snake-charmer holding a huge cobra in his hands. As Pat looked, a tall man, whom he immediately recognised as Muller, crossed over to the bier and addressed the prostrate figure lying there. The expression on his face was diabolical. "I speak to you about the man, whom you love so well that you have scorned my advances for four long years. I might have had my heart's desire, but that wouldn't have gratified my great love for you. I wanted to win your heart, but you have spurned my humble advances. You have spurned the wealth and happiness which I was willing to lay at

your feet. And all for the sake of a miserable dog of a planter. You thought it was out of revenge for a quarrel, which this miserable wretch had with me on one occasion, that I had you kidnapped. No! I loved you from the moment I set eyes on you and was determined to make you mine. I had one of my numerous spies watching your movements, and, when he told me that O'Neill had made arrangements to marry you, I immediately had you kidnapped.

Since then, I have treated you as a queen with the hope of winning your heart, but you have scorned me. As I have already told you, you have been brought here as a last resort to break your proud Indian spirit. Oh, woman! for the last time do I lay my heart at your feet. Accept it or die!'

"Never!" she cried, and then fainted.

Muller then made a sign to the snake-charmer, who immediately released the snake and began his weird music. The snake facinated by the music moved its lithe body to and fro, striking viciously at the air, as it advanced towards the prostrate form on the bier.

All this time Pat seemed paralysed, but suddenly he realised the terrible death the Baron intended meting out to his beloved. With that, he placed his revolver at the mouth of the small opening in the rock, and fired at the snake. As he did so, the wall against which he and Nick had been leaning seemed to crumble and fall away, and they both fell headlong into a cave. They arose dazed and badly-bruised, to find that the Baron, the snake-charmer, and the snake had disappeared. Pat immediately placed his whisky flask to his beloved's lips and after a short while she regained consciousness. They were too overcome for words. They just embraced each other and their lips met, and that one long passionate kiss blotted out their past unhappiness for ever. Nick, who had in the meantime pursued the Baron and his evil companion, just then returned and on hearing his footsteps Pat turned round and cried. "Which way did they go? We must find them!" "No need to trouble old man", said Nick. "What do you mean?" said Pat. "Vengeance is mine, said the Lord!" replied his friend. And with that, he reconducted Pat to the well and showed him the dead bodies of Muller and the snake-charmer. "When you fired," said, he "they made for that old door which fell through, and ran down this way. As regards the snake, I don't know where it is. You must have missed your aim owing to the bad light and probably the reptile has hidden amongst some rocks near by."

Without another word they walked back to the girl they had left in the cave

Then Pat spoke. "My God!" said he. "And to think that if you hadn't held my hand I might have been in that well, myself!"

"Hold your hand ?" queried Nick.

"Didn't you hold my hand and pull me back when I took that turning?" said Pat. "Not at all!" replied the other. "If you hadn't stopped and struck a match, we both would have been where those two devils are "Beats me!" said Pat. "Can you make anything of it, little girl ?" said he addressing his sweetheart.

"Well," said she, with a wan smile. "I swooned several times through fear, and the Baron always brought me around again with a powerful Indian stimulant, as he was determined that I should be fully conscious to the horror of the death he had planned for me. On one occasion when I swooned, I distinctly saw somebody trying to shoot you; and in my dream I pulled you back. I also seemed to leave this place in an unconscious state, and bring you here."

The friends looked at each other, but neither spoke. "They do say," added the girl, "that when people love each other deeply, their souls are united even if they are apart in person."

Nick found the trap-door which led to the secret caves he had heard so much about, but never believed in till now. And silently the three of them stepped out into God's great star-dusted world.

The moon shone softly down upon them, and with her kindly light guided them back to the place where they had left the motor car.

The following day Pat drove his little girl to Sambalpur and there the missionary married them. Immediately the ceremony was finished, they returned to the plantation at Bagedhi; and as they drove up to their future home, the soft shadows of night were falling. The stars shone down upon them, and through the magic Indian night the strains of a man's beautiful tenor voice floated out to them. The song he sang was, "The Maid of Malabar." And, as the last words,

"In my heart you'll live for ever,
"Little Maid of Malabar,"

rang out clear and sweet on the mystical stillness of the tropical night, Pat tenderly kissed his beautiful little Indian wife, and said, "Amen".

Then these two entered their new home, a new and wonderful home where East and West had met. They entered it with love in their hearts, and God, being love, was there too.

PATRICK BRANWELL FITZROY BRONTE.

OUR POETRY PAGE.

(1) THE DAWN

When the great wonder of the morning breaks
Upon my restless dreams, I am a child,
Trustful again ; my heart is mountain-wild
With scent of wood-smoke, mistiness that wakes
Into a crystal dance of fountain spray
Shot with dark forest shadows, and I run
Out to the revels, greet them every one,
Floweret and leaf, with bursts of song and play..
I am the soaring falcon, and the rose
Bending in rapture; I am the thirsty bee
Ripling the fragrance of the garden close ;
I chase the chaffinch all exultingly
Among the guarded and lichened apple-boughs,
And crouch in mischief under the bladed flags
That cluster by the pool ; quickly I rouse.
The lazy water rat that lurks and lags
In gloomy corners, and I break the sleep
Of cosy fledglings, laughing as I leap
Through bushy tangles hung with woven snares
And beads of night-dew. Then, all unawares,
I stumble on a new-born miracle
Of silk and softness, raising liquid eyes
To mirror, like the poet's mind, the soul
Of life itself, that round us, myriadwise,
Blossoms in lovelines.

E. E. S.

(2) A SUMMER DAY.

I saw the laughing day arise
From out the sea,
Strewing the cliffs, all staid and wise,
With ecstasy,
The waves played with a myriad lights
Of gold and green,
Whilst gulls, in skimming greys and whites,
Flashed in between.
The passing hours let fall their richest joys around
Upon life's way,
Whilst all things praised in fervent sound
The radiant day !

LELAND J. BERRY.

(3) YOUTH AND AGE.

Quick tempered youth,
By passion led,
Knows not Life's truth,
In heart or head.
But snowy age,
With eye serene,
Shuts wisdom's page,
And quits earth's scene.

(4) TRIOLET

O, the mill will never grind
With the water that is past!
Here is wisdom for the mind;
O, the mill will never grind
Truly, till we love Mankind:
Opportunities flow fast—
O, the mill will never grind
With the water that is past!

HERBERT PORTER.

(5) LET ME BUT FIND MYSELF AT ONE WITH THEE

The flower has faded, the honey has dried up, and the petals have dropped, but the fragrance alone doth linger in the air. Oh Sweet Fragrance! thou alone art real, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

* * *

The song is sung, the lyre is put aside, and the songster too is gone, but the melody still resounds in the air. Oh sweet melody! thou alone art eternal, thou alone art divine, let me but find myself at one with thee!

* * *

The sun has set, the light is gone, and the dim light of the stars alone doth twinkle. Oh sweet twinkling stars! thou alone art constant, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

* * *

Summer has advanced, rivers have dried up, lakes and tanks as well; but the silent stream alone doth flow singing a soft eternal tune. Oh gently-flowing stream! thou alone art ever-flowing, ever singing, let me but find myself at one with thee!

* * *

The sudden gush of wind has passed, the noise the bustle and the rustle with it; but the gentle breeze doth linger and fan and fan for ever more. Oh gentle breeze! thou alone art sweet, thou alone art eternal, let me but find myself at one with thee!

"BHARATHI."

IN MAN'S REALM.

(1) THE OLD OLD STORY."

"DEW-DROP" (an Indian girl with an English name—which is not uncommon) was engaged to be married to old "Owl-face." Owl-facc had the face of an owl, cared more for meditation than exercise, and looked like nothing on earth. Withal, he had a heart of gold, hard and shiny, upon which no vice had laid a tarnishing touch. In short, he was a "Goody-goody", a *wash-out*, but perfectly "Good." Owl-face worshipped Dew-drop ; she liked him till...young "Greek-god" wandered along.. "Greek-god ' looked like a Greek-god Dew-drop fell for him at once. She thrilled with ecstasy when she beheld his handsome face. She squirmed with passion at the smartness of his attire, the monocle in his eye and the brilliantine in his hair. She raved about him when he began his inevitable tales of valour. In short, she was a "goner." Owl-face's face became rounder and rounder. He contemplated murder and sudden death. He squirmed with impotent jealousy. He plunged into dark thought and tried to seek refuge in deep philosophies. Greek god was a lady-killer by profession. Dew-drop's "google" eyes at him made him pull out his knife to make yet another notch in his huge record of heads. One day, she and he were walking arm-in-arm. Dew-drop was looking up to him with eyes burning with adoration. He was smiling with complacent, self-satisfied satisfaction. He told her yet another tale of how he had strangled an elephant with his bare fingers. Up came a mad dog, straight at them. Up went Greek-god into a tree. Dew-drop, left behind, went into hysterics. The mad dog, fearing to be bitten by a violently-quivering female biped, went his way—a wise mad dog. Dew-drop flew to Owl-face and fell weeping into his arms What sure havens of refuge are the Owl-faces of this world !

This is an old, old theme for an old, old story, so old because of its reality. The slow, ugly, good man fails to hold the affections of the young, beautiful, romantic damsel. She falls for the Greek-god every time. Being a bit of an Owl-face myself, I am interested. I like to know how I can be admired by women. I like to be a hero. How ? I wish these mad young creatures can see how really worthy I am, and I wish they can realise how foolish it is to be attracted merely by outward show. I wish a few mad dogs will come my way at the right moment. I am sure I should do something really brave. But mad dogs never come my way. Why, oh why, are mad dogs such favouritists ! Please...young ladies, study your men friends a little more closely. Don't be struck all of a *dither* by the handsome scoundrel. Keep calm, remember the heart of gold !

"HARD-BITTEN"

(2) PUT BACK HIS THINGS

(SELECTED)

"Please don't touch my things!"

How often does one hear this pitiful plea uttered by an indignant husband, son, or brother?

Men are very sensitive regarding what they regard as their own not to-be-touched-by-the-family property. If their wives, children, or sisters would only remember to return that hammer to the tool-box; that book to the centre of the third shelf; that useless bit of wood to the tool-shed; or that pencil hurriedly snatched from the bureau, how less frequent would be those little family disturbances.

Nothing rouses a man to such a high pitch of cold fury as the discovery that his so-and-so is missing from its accustomed shelf, hook, or drawer.

Women complain endlessly that men are untidy. They are; but, usually, there is some method in their untidiness.

Watch a man dress. His hand goes automatically to his collar box. If it has been moved six inches either way, it upsets him much more than any woman can possibly understand.

There should be one golden rule in all homes where there are children. "Put back your father's things where you found them. Break them if you must, but for the love of Mike, put 'em back!" By the way, apropos breakages, it is always wise to tell a man of an accident to a favourite pipe or hacksaw, immediately he comes home.

Most men will forgive a genuine accident. Few will forgive a concealment of an unfortunate breakage.

Never let him find out for himself. Dare him to kick up a row, if he is that way inclined; wrongfully accuse the cat or the dog of the crime, blame anybody, or, better still, everybody, but for the sake of peace in the home, don't let him find out himself.

(The Madras Mail)

OUR CHILDREN'S PAGES

1 A LULLABY

Hush! for the snow-white clouds are riding
Over the sparkling sapphire sea,
Out to a land where your dreams are hiding;
Sleep, and go with them, my sweet baby!

How the stars rock in their cradles of gold
As gaily they laugh and call unto thee,
Such things for your tiny pink fingers to hold !
Sleep, and laugh with them, my sweet baby.
Lie gently asleep till break o' the morn
When you shall tell mother with eyes full of glee
Of all the sweet dream-flakes downward borne
That kissed you to sleep, my sweet baby !

L. J. B

(2) THE BREAKING OF THE WIZARD'S SPELL,

Once upon a time there lived a tiny little princess in the middle of a forest.

One day, when she was having her lunch, someone knocked at the door. She went to open it and outside she found her father and a boy, who was busy munching something.

"I have come to see if you will help this poor little boy," said her father, "He is a prince, who, because his father is dead, has been driven out of his kingdom by the Regent, who like other regents wishes to get the throne. This regent is really a wizard, who has doomed this boy to be a cat, and he can only resume human form when eating." The princess inquired what she could do, that she might help the prince, and her father replied,

"The spell can only be broken, if you will act as his slave and help him to climb an ivory mountain."

The princess agreed and set out with the prince (who became a cat) for the ivory mountain and acted as his servant all the way. Many dangers beset them. A tiger roared at them, when a quarter-way up and they both slipped down with fright. But the prince had brought with him a number of big nails and with the aid of these they were soon a good way up and ahead of the tiger. They came to an ivory dip in which flowed a pool, round the top of the mountain, like a moat. There were crocodiles in the water which they had to cross.

They knelt down and prayed that they might get through safely. They got up and found a beautiful angel before them who said, "Look neither to the right nor the left of you, but hold to my two wings". They did so and were carried across the moat. They found it rather difficult, for the prince was a cat; but at last everything went well. The prince changed from a cat to a prince, when he was put on the top: and, being old enough to govern, he went back to his kingdom and later married the princess and they lived happily ever after.

NITA FONSECA.

(AGED 11 YEARS)

(3) CARMELLI AND ORLANDO.

Carmelli, a simple, gentle and beautiful girl, loved Orlando Forester, a noble-minded lad. They had been engaged for quite two months and were to be married the next month ; however, business called Orlando away and till he should come back he sent Carmelli to live with some very fashionable friends of his. As there were three ladies in that family, he was satisfied with the thought that Carmelli would not be lonely but would have the best of company.

But, Carmelli was soon spoilt, for these fashionable friends induced her to use powder and paint.

When Orlando came back, he was surprised to find in the place of kind-hearted gentle Carmelli, a proud, selfish painted lady, who declared she wanted *rouge* and *lip stick* from him. He was disappointed at her selfish ways, and he was so hurt that one day he went away and left a letter for Carmelli saying that he still loved her best on earth ; but could not afford to give her all that she wanted. He also left a feather with the note and said to her in the note,

"Keep this ; remember,

Carmelli, I loved thee."

When Carmelli saw this note, she was ashamed and determined to follow Orlando. Turning the feather round, she saw on it a photo of Orlando and kissed it.

She then washed her face clear of all paint etc. and set out with a little food and clothing. On the way, she met a robber chief, who asked her her troubles and offered her her heart's desire, if she would marry him. She refused, saying, "I love Orlando, none else," and went on She came across a highwayman who fell in love with her at first sight and said that if she married him he would be her slave. She still replied that she loved none else but Orlando and went on.

This time she met none other than Orlando, and, throwing herself at his feet, begged his forgiveness which he readily gave, and they were married. Orlando told Carmelli that he himself had been the robber chief and highwayman, and that the proofs he had had of her love were enough and that he would love her till his death.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

SUSIE CHANDY.
(Aged 12 years)

4. JOAN OF ARC.

They called her a witch ; she said not a word,
So long as she well her country had served,
Her prince she had saved, her country had freed,
Her people were happy that she took the lead ;

They tied her with ropes, they thought she would fight ;
But her happiest thought was to die for her right ;
They lit up the stake to mock her and jeer,
But she onward gazed ; her eyes held no fear.

Then one of God's men, a good priest by fame,
Held up a cross in front of the flame;
She kissed the good cross again and again,
The flames then rose high, her body was slain.

The soldiers cried out, and people did faint
As again and again came the cry, "She's a saint,"
And thus did she die, a pure maid we see ;
She gave France her life, to make the land f·ee.

NITA FONSECA.

5 OUR LETTER TO OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

DEAR CHILDREN,

Here are a few trick-games, which I am sure you will enjoy playing at your next party. These simple *catches* always puzzle people very much, and cause a great deal of amusement. You will have great fun when you watch those who do not know the trick, trying to make all sorts of wild guesses. I shall mention five trick-games in this letter.

1. *Black Magic.*—Two of you have to know the secret of this magic, and one of you has to go out while the other stays inside the room with the audience. As soon as your partner has gone out, the audience chooses an object in the room, such as a certain person's brooch, or any thing else. Then you call your partner back, and you keep on asking her, "Is it this?" pointing to several objects that you have not chosen. Then, just before you come to the correct object, you refer to a black object, and ask her if it is that She says "no", as she has done for all the other things you have mentioned, but now she knows that the next object is the right one, and when you point to it and ask her, she says "yes." This game is called *black magic*, because a black object is mentioned before the right one, but those who do not

know the clue, wonder how your partner has been able to guess correctly.

2. *Echo*:—your partner goes out of the room, as in *black magic*, having noticed who spoke last in the room before she went out. Then you choose that same person who spoke last, and without your partner coming in, you say "Echo", and she answers "Echo," and you go on "Echoing" to each other, varying the number and the tone as you like. Then, you ask her who it is, and she mentions the person. The audience, of course are led astray, because they think the clue is in the way you "echo" to each other

3. *The Wand Touches*.—You take a stick in your hand, and point it in a careless fashion towards the person you are going to choose, and your partner notices this before she goes out. Then, you choose the person whom you have already pointed out. Next, you place the point of your stick on the head of several wrong people, and each time you say, "The wand touches", and your partner replies, "Let it touch," from outside. Then, you place the stick on the person you have chosen, and say, "The wand rests" and your partner from outside says who it is.

4. *Tom, Tom, little Tom*;—This is a little catch game which usually affords a great deal of amusement. You take a stick and you say, "Look here, Tom, Tom, little Tom," Then, you pass it to your neighbour and ask her to do the same, and she turns it round and says "Tom, Tom little Tom," and you say that is wrong. It goes on like this each of those who do not know the trick trying to guess the right way, and saying "Tom, Tom little Tom" in various kinds of ways. You, of course, must mislead them by making them think that the correct solution is in the way you say "Tom, Tom little Tom"; but the real thing is to say "Look here" before you say the phrase, The others do not notice this "Look here," and they take a long time to find out the correct solution.

5. *He can do little who cannot do this*;— This is something like the above game. You take a stick in your left hand, then pass it to your right hand, knock it three times on the floor and say, "He can do little who cannot do this." The others try to do the same, but they do not take the stick in their left hands first, and therefore, they are wrong.

I am sure you will have great fun trying these little games.

Yours sincerely,

PADMINI.

FRIENDLY CHATS.

MANNERISMS.

MANNERISM means excessive addiction to a distinctive manner; at least my lexicon says so. We often see persons afflicted by certain queer habits, which is after all a not very serious charge against them. No man is perfect. Each man has his own flaws. But mannerism is never a flaw. Except in a few cases, it leaves no particular evil traits on the persons concerned. Besides, almost every one has some kind of mannerism. I shall now venture, without any attempt to annoy, to bring home to the minds of my readers, certain kinds of mannerisms in a few of my friends.

I know a certain professor, Mr. B. I shall call him, who used to dance whenever he delivered a lecture. He used also to keep a piece of chalk in his right hand, and for each sentence that came from his eloquent tongue, he would strike the chalk on the table. His left leg and arm would always swing in the air, and when the class dispersed, if one cared to examine the table, one could observe many innumerable chalk dots, big and small, left on the poor surface. This is a kind of mannerism. I know another professor, who used to pull his coat sleeves, or polish or attempt to polish his collar button always, by rubbing it with the tips of his fingers.

I used to go to Mr. K's house. Mr. K. was a very good, energetic and hospitable person. Whenever I went to his house, I observed certain mannerisms in him. There was placed on his table a small conch shell used as a paper weight. There was also a glass cup full of water, perhaps for moistening gum. I have seen my venerable friend always dipping the conch shell in the cup of water, and when it was full he would pour the water back in the cup and re-dip his shell, the process never ending. He also used to keep a blue pencil and a quarter sheet of paper with him. Once, I was talking to him on some important matter for about half-an-hour. My friend replied to me in monosyllables. I saw him writing something on the paper with his blue pencil. I thought that he was taking important notes. At this juncture, I was glad his glass cup was empty, as I was sure he was giving his attention completely to me At last, to my great astonishment I found the bit of paper full of examples of his own signature. Poor Mr. K— he thought he would forget his own signature perhaps, or probably he wished to improve his hand-writing, which was bad enough !

A few unpleasant mannerisms there are, like nail-biting, striking the teeth with a pencil, or scratching the head. I have seen a certain lady friend of mine always screwing or attempting to screw her nose-ring. It was not out of over-carefulness that she did it. It was a mannerism she had.

We sometimes see that some have got certain pet words ready at the tip of their tongues. Words like "because," "you see"

"and so," are very common. I have had occasions to observe words like "and-so" repeated in every sentence spoken. Some use, consciously or otherwise, the same words in all places, especially the phrase, "isn't it?", little knowing that such words are not apt always in meaning or grammar. Some laugh without any meaning when they talk, even if the conversation needs an air of serenity. Some perhaps try to imitate Charlie Chaplin by making faces, when they listen to others, or talk themselves ; but miserably fail to produce the correct face for their special feelings.

If I venture any more, I am afraid I shall offend too many. It is better for one to try to get rid as far as possible of some of these mannerisms. One cannot of course easily understand his or her own mannerisms, or judge his or her own behaviour from the view-point of other people, except perhaps in certain cases. And as such, each should ask his or her best friend to correct the mannerisms he or she possesses. After that, one can try one's best to get rid of them "What one fool can do, another can." This, by the way is a pet quotation of a friend of mine.

Now tell me, gentle readers, what pet words of mine I have often used in my article.

R. SUBRAMANYAM.

OUR FASHION SUGGESTIONS.

THE OBJECTS OF DRESS.

THESE may be said to be three-fold, viz.; decency, ornament, and protection against heat and cold. We have been treating hitherto of the first two more or less, and I like to talk a little of the last object.

In cold climates and cold weather, clothes must keep in the heat which is produced in the body. In hot countries and the hot weather, they are meant as a protection against the sun.

Clothes should be, we are told,

(1) as light as possible, (2) not tight, and (3) unhampering to the movements of the body. It is a surprising fact that tight clothes are not only less warm than loose ones in the cold, but also less cool in the heat ; because they become more quickly damp and cling to the wearer, and do not admit of the proper ventilation. Thus, rather loose clothing is advisable in the heat, and not too loose in the cold, but at the same time not tight. Tight clothing also, as we have been told several times, hampers the breathing as well as retards proper growth. It is a fact often noticed also that light-coloured clothes are cooler than dark ones.

The under-clothing must be just enough, whether for heat or cold. What is worn in the day should not be worn at night and should never be dirty or soiled with perspiration.

Boots and shoes, of course, should be easy and elastic, without high heels. It is better to be without stockings in the heat, or at least wear very thin ones.

SISTER SUSIE.

COMMON AILMENTS OF CHILDREN

CHAPTER XXVI. DYSENTERY.

DYSENTERY is an inflammation of the lower portion of the bowels. It is caused either by infection through contaminated milk or water or by the presence of strong irritation in the bowels. Weak and underfed infants, and neglected children are particularly prone to it. Children brought up under hygeinic surroundings do not get dysentery.

Symptoms : Dysentery is generally ushered in with diarrhoea. There may be also some fever, the motions later become less copious, but more or less slimy and tinged with blood. The child appears prostrated, looks pale, is thirsty, and the tongue becomes dry. The bowels act with increasing frequency, but with diminishing results, till after a time nothing but blood and slime are voided, and that with great pain and straining. Ordinary faecal matter is almost or entirely absent, the abdomen is distended and is painful on pressure. Convulsions appear in severe forms. The rectum may protrude in neglected cases.

Improvement is first intimated by the re-appearance of faecal matter in the stools and by the marked mitigation of the straining and pain.

Diagnosis is perfectly easy, the character of the evacuations and the straining are distinctive.

Prognosis : The duration of an attack is about 5 to 7 days. If the disease is epidemic in the locality, if the fever is high, if the general condition of the child is low, and if the child sleeps with the eyes half-open we should institute more energetic measures. Cold extremties and cold perspiration are bad signs.

Treatment. When properly treated in the earlier stages, this is one of the most manageable of all ailments, but if allowed to become chronic it is always serious and sometimes formidable Therefore, it is of great importance to treat these cases judiciously. The too early employment of drugs that will bind the bowels (e.g. opium and allied preparations) is the serious mistake most commonly made.

This class of drugs confine the highly poisonous secretions within the intestines and cause decomposition, distention, inflammation and fever. Preparations containing opium and injections of emetine should be used with the greatest caution and it will be better if they are left in the hands of experts. In fact, most patients do not require these drugs at all.

Emulsion of castor oil is such a splendid remedy for this affection that it is difficult to find a suitable substitute. To be of use, it must be begun early and should be administered *persistently every 2 hours in teaspoon doses*, except when the child is asleep. Larger doses increase the diarrhoea. Its taste is a draw-back in only a small number of infants, and sometimes it is difficult to obtain. In such circumstances, the seeds of *Plantago Ispagula*[1], made into a mucilage by steeping the seeds in boiling water, for about half an hour (1 in 40 approximately) can be administered in the same doses, as first aid The wat r of tender cocoanuts can be substituted for plain water.

On this line of treatment, combined with the diet given below, the pain and straining cease and the stools become gradually free from blood and slime, leading to complete recovery. There may, however, be some cases which continue to have looseness of bowels, even after the blood and slime have ceased. Such children require an astringent. Bismuth subnitrate, or Bismuth salicylate, in 3 to 10 gram doses will answer well.

Diet. The dietetic management will consist in leaving out milk and substituting milk-whey, barley-water or rice water. Large quantities should not be given at once, but only small quantities should be allowed frequently. In older children all starch and vegetables should be totally avoided and thin sago conjee, and milk can be tried, and if this disgrees, malted milk or milk whey should be given. A small quantity of mutton broth can be allowed in older children, if there is no fever.

D. KIRUBAIMANI.

Foot Note: 1. Plantago Ispagula. Telugu = Isapagala Vettul. Tamil = Ishapukol Virai. Canarese = Issabagole.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN

SHOULD COURTSHIP PRECEDE MARRIAGE?

I have read in the Magazine that "the simplest and easiest method that a young man in India may adopt, if he desires to get married, is to ask his parents to arrange the match." But I

have my own doubts whether such a seemingly simple and easy method is particularly desirable, and practically convenient as far as the individual is concerned. "His parents are likely to have far better opportunities of forming correct judgments *re* the future bride" ; But one at the same time wonders why the young man should'nt himself choose something, which most vitally concerns his future. This is one of the most serious defects of Indian Social Life, and reformers would do well to remedy it. It is, indeed, based on a crude idea regarding the relation between the sexes, and, as such, gives rise to a seriously disheartening outlook on life, depriving the buoyant and gay youth of romance, making him figure as a sullen and morose character.

Whatever may be the nature of arguments advanced against this position, none of them can, to any satisfactory extent, meet the point that marriage is romantic and not a prosaic affair. It should be always remembered that every handful of life that we taste should be seasoned with a pinch of philosophy. If life were to interest us at all, we should intelligently interpret and amplify all that we daily experience. Such being the case, we need to look upon romance, which is an experience varying with, and peculiar to, every individual, as something which needs to be reckoned with, and not disregarded as a childish fancy for a pretty face, or a kind of spring madness with pink spectacles.

One may, however, ask, "What guarantee have you that the young man will choose aright ?" Obviously none. But, on the other hand, we have no right to suppose that the parents are infallible. We have no assurance whatsoever that the girl of their choice will agree with the tastes and aspirations of their son. If, however, the young man chooses his own bride, his is a case of happiness or misery according to the prudence or otherwise of his choice.

What, in my opinion, is vitally necessary for a happy married life is *Sympathetic Rapport*, in terms of common-sense psychology; and the cultivation of this spirit in the young will be the greatest service that elders can render to the rising generation.

It is a fact admitted on all hands that love at first sight is a false notion ; and that the friendship formed between a man and a woman on their engagement day, further ratified by the marriage bond, turns into true love only after a sufficiently long time has elapsed. But, before a man enters into such a lifelong agreement with a woman, in order that he may play fair to her, it is imperative that he should make sure whether his friendship is likely to thicken into love. In order, therefore, that a man may know a woman sufficiently before he marries her, in order that she may not be just a name to him when she marries him, courtship is absolutely necessary before marriages.

W. A.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

USE OF OLD SARIS

Old faded *saris* that are not torn, can be renovated by dyeing, instead of being thrown away. *Twink* is an excellent dye for such purposes. Faded *saris* woven in India look almost new when dyed, because, if their gold lace is really good, it takes the dye beautifully, and shines with a new lustre, and the silk of the *sari* itself, if dyed carefully and evenly, looks very pretty indeed. The life of these clothes, therefore, can be lengthened considerably if they are dyed when they fade. *Crepe de Chine saris* also can be renovated by removing the border that is sewn on to them, and by dyeing them and sewing on a new border.

I know of a girl, however, who is such a maniac about dyeing, that she keeps on changing the colour of a new *sari*, because she wishes other people to think that it is not the same *sari*, or perhaps because she tires of the colour herself. There is no doubt, that here, she carries the practice of dyeing too far. It is all very well to dye *saris* that will otherwise have to be discarded, but to spoil new *saris* by dyeing them seems to be rather a pity; for, however well dyed a *sari* may look, it never can have that fresh appearance which a new one has.

Old *saris* can also be made use of, by dyeing them and taking away the border, and using them as curtains, or cushion covers.

PADDY.

OUR COOKERY COLUMN. (TRANSLATED)

CASHEWNUT *VADES* (CAKES)

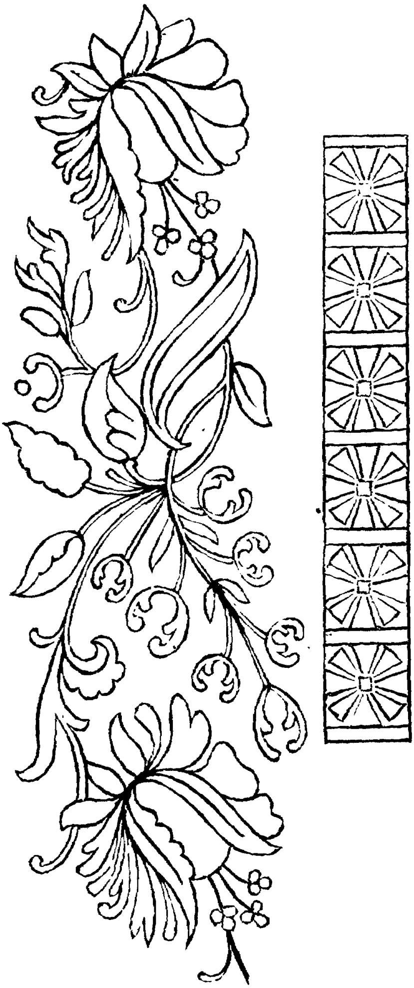
12 palams of cashewnuts should be put into a vessel containing ½ measure of milk, after being cleaned. Then, after an hour, the cashewnuts should be taken out and ground well. The paste should be made into balls of the size of a lemon. The balls should be placed on a plantain leaf and made flat. 18 palams of ghee should be put in an iron vessel and boiled. When the ghee is ready, the flat cakes should be thrown in. When almost brown, they should be taken out of the ghee. Soft sugar 6 palams, and powdered cardamon ½ palam, should be well-mixed together and sprinkled on the *Vades*.

DHAL PONGAL.

1¾ measures of water should be boiled in a big vessel. Then add dhal ¼ measure, Ghee ½ palam, *Turmeric* powder 3/16 Rupee

weight, and cover the vessel with another. When the *dhal* is almost boiled, $\frac{1}{2}$ measure of raw rice should be well-cleaned in water and should be put into the vessel. When the rice has boiled well, $\frac{1}{4}$ palams of pepper, *Jeeragam* (Cummin) $\frac{1}{8}$ palam, powdered salt $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, Ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ palam, should also be added, with $3\frac{3}{4}$ palams, of ghee, and the vessel taken off a quick fire and placed on embers. A Rupee weight of *Asafetida* should be diluted in a little water and mixed in, as well as 2 palams of cocoanut.

OUR NEEDLEWORK SUGGESTIONS.



Sari Borders

HEALTH NOTES.

FOOD VALUE OF TOMATOES.

By
A Harley-Street Specialist.
(SELECTED).

NO one can have failed to notice the increase in the number and excellence of the fruit shops in London and other towns during the past few years. This seems to be the result of recent public education on matters of diet. The increase in the consumption of citrus fruits and tomatoes is specially fortunate, owing to their health properties, but, even so, the value of tomatoes is still underrated.

This excellent fruit ranks with oranges and lemons as one of the three richest available sources of vitamin C. As a raw fruit eaten alone or in salads, it is at its best but it can be incorporated in a variety of soups, sauces and other dishes with advantage, because of the richness of its vitamin content. Vitamin C is gradually lost during ordinary cooking, but the tomato may be cooked and yet retain a large quantity.

For children as well as adults it may be highly recommended. On account of the vegetable salts as well as the vitamin C that it contains, the tomato is probably the best choice among vegetables at the disposal of those who have to cater economically for a family. It contains a useful quantitity of vitamin B.

Health.

RIGHT BREATHING.

The nose is not only the organ of smelling, but it is also an organ of breathing. If it be partly closed on account of any phlegm or tumour in it, or if it does not function properly on account of any disease, then sufficient oxygen cannot be inhaled, and the rejectable quantity of carbonic acid gas cannot be exhaled. Therefore, on such occasions, we should be more careful to protect our nostrils than when they are healthy and see that we breathe properly. In the 24 hours of the day, we seldom utilize our noses for the enjoyment of tne pleasures of delicious smell ; but we should do so as much as we can for the protection of our lungs from foul odours, injurious gases and polluted atmosphere. As a blind man walks slowly and cautiously, so the man whose sense of smell is temporarily or permanently injured or lost, should take more precautions, so that foul gases or impure air might not enter his respiratory organs and injure them.

Wealth and Welfare.

FLIES DO NOT LIKE YELLOW.

An interesting suggestion comes from a jam factory in the north of England. It was repeatedly noticed that flies avoided store rooms with windows of yellow glass, which were used to keep the colour of the jam from fading. Why do flies dislike yellow? The answer is not quite clear, but a certain guess has been made. Some insects prefer white light which has the stimulating ultra-violet rays of the sun, and feel uneasy when put under coloured glass plates which cut off these rays. There are still others that shrink from light. The ants, for example, do not mind if the ultra-violet rays are cut off by screens of red or yellow glass. Flies, on the other hand, prefer the ultra-violet. If this tendency can be confirmed, then mankind will have discovered a valuable method of keeping these dangerous insects from milk and other food.

The Treasure Chest.

WHY SOAP SHOULD BE USED

There are still some people who say they never soap their bodies, because they think that it must be unhealthy to remove the natural oil of the skin.

The skins of animals in their natural state are not covered by clothing and are exposed to the winds and sunlight. Both these agencies—especially the latter—check the putrefactive action of bacteria and keep the skin healthy.

In the case of civilised man, however, the skin is covered by several layers of clothing. Direct sunlight scarcely ever reaches it, and the free circulation of air over its surface is prevented. The only substitute for these two agencies is the periodical application of soap and water—the only practical way to remove from the skin the results of decomposition, which are harmful if allowed to accumulate.

There is another factor, however, which renders the daily bath so desirable for the town dweller. The skin is provided with a network of sensory nerves which are stimulated by winds and little rapid changes of temperature. Clothing cuts down these healthful stimuli to a large extent, and the best way to minimise this evil is to keep the skin quite clear and free from oil.

Health.

WATCH YOUR DIET

Remember that your diaphragm is a sheet of muscle lying between the chest and stomach; at every breath the diaphragm

moves up and down. If the stomach is blown out with wind and indigestion, every breath is a labour. Therefore study your diet; eat slowly, avoid windy foods. You may get more relief by reducing your weight and keeping your digestion right than by swallowing cough stuff. Try singing lessons; they strengthen the lungs; never mind what the neighbours say. Reduce your smoking; the lungs are built to receive fresh air; they are puzzled and disgruntled when they are filled with pungent fumes from a foul pipe. These are a few rules to be observed: do not place an exaggerated faith in bottles of stuff.

The Madras Mail

VALUE OF MASTICATION

We are accustomed to eat slops, bread and milk, custards, soups, blancmange, mashed potatoes, and other soft foods. But Nature has provided us with teeth like iron, jaws like iron, and muscles like iron, and it looks as though Nature intended us to exist on a diet of iron. But, although we cannot digest old horse-shoes and rusty nails, we really ought to pull ourselves together about this question of diet. We are on the wrong track altogether. Our teeth are rotting away before our eyes, and we regard the disaster too calmily. We ought to eat coarser food that requires champing and grinding . we shall never be healthy until we do. If we go on eating slops, that a jelly-fish could absorb, we shall slip further down the slippery slope : we shall end up with our mouths like jelly-fish, and we shall fall victims to new diseases. We already have quite as many intestinal diseases as we care for.

The Madras Mail.

NEWS AND NOTES.

DANCING GIRLS IN TEMPLES

"It is highly degrading, uncivilised and injurious to the morality of the eommunity". This was the opinion expressed by Mr. R. Chinniah Pillai, member of the Kumbakonam Circle Temple Committee, when he moved a resolution to put a stop to the custom of dedicating "Devadasis," or dancing girls in Hindu temples, in the name of 'Service' to the god. He pointed out that, if such service was a thing to be sincerely desired, not only the 'Devadasin, but the women-folk of the Brahmin priests also should take up this work and dance before the deities.

This invidious distinction between man and man and woman and woman, should be immediately abolished, if they, the Hindus, had any vestige of self-respect. To throw a young and innocent girl of 6 or 7 into the degradations of vice, in the name of religion, was a diabolical sin Above all, there was no authority, even in the much abused Agama Shastras for this pernicious system to continue. The President, Mr. K.R. of Singaram Chettiar, endorsed the sentiments expressed by the mover, but did not consider it feasible to put the resolution into practice, since H. E. the Viceroy had not given his assent to Dr. Muthulakshmi Reddi's Devadasis' Bill as yet. So far as the Committee was concerned he was not giving permission for fresh dedications at the present time The practice itself was slowly dying out and there were very few temples, which had Devadasis at present. The Committee might wait till Dr. Muthulakshm Reddi's Bill should find a place on the Statute Book.

Many other members also expressed the same view.

Asked about the views of the 'Devadasis' themselves, the President quoted many letters from Devadasis and trustees of temples protesting against any such legislation, as it interfered with "time-honoured traditions and customs". They were of opinion that if there were any defects in the performance of service by Devadasis, the proper course was not to do away with the system, but to use it, in accordance with the ancient ideals.

After further discussion a resolution was passed to stop the practice of dedication hereafter.

MADRAS SEVA SADAN

The following appeal is sent for publication :—

The Madras Seva Sadan has just completed a transaction which has confirmed the confidence of those who believed in its id als and purpose. Two years ago, in a rented house and with seven inmates, it o ened its doors to the needy and neglected women of the presidency. Today, it has seventy inmates and is rightly acclaimed the premier institution of its kind in the province.

The purchase by us of the property of Lady Krishnan, the home of the late Justice Sir C. Krishnan, marks an important epoch in the history of the Madras Seva Sadan. Formerly, for lack of space, we were obliged to refuse applicants eligible for admission, and this being entirely opposed to our principles, we set out to find a Home worthy of our aims. The new Home is spacious and dignified, set in grounds covering about 8½ acres and is well suited to our purpose, namely, that of training women to take a positive part

in India's social and industrial uplift. We train them to become nurses, midwives and teachers. Music is taught and instruction imparted in handicrafts, such as. needlework, sewing, cutting and garment-making, weaving, embroidery of every kind including jigna, rattan work and mat-making

The finances of the Madras Seva Sadan have kept pace with its general advancement; but to purchase its present Home, all our available funds have been utilised. The property (including expenses) cost Rs. 62,000. We succeeded in accumulating Rs. 50,000, of which Rs. 25,000 was raised by subscription and Rs. 25,000 given by Government as a grant. The remaining Rs. 12,000 we urgently need for immediate disbursement.

While it is important that the Madras Seva Sadan should begin its new life unburdened and free from debt, it is equally important that we should have money with which to carry out the structural alterations, additions and improvements, so necessary for its progress. We aim also at forming a nucleus of a permanent fund.

It is our intention to have a small but up to-date hospital, where those of our girls who are being trained as nurses, can work under ideal conditions. Then, we intend to erect a series of cottages, each to house from twelve to fifteen girls—everyone of whom, will in turn, act as house-keeper and caterer for her household. This will give girls, who have never experienced the oy of controlling this essentially feminine field of activity, a sense of being trusted to make good—something to which every human being will respond. The approximate cost of each building will be Rs. 5,000. A donation of that sum will entitle the donor to have the cottage called after his or her name.

Were it possible to broadeast the history of some of the women who come to us, we would have little need to appeal for money to carry on our work. It is both heartening and heartbreaking to witness the change which ordinary human kindliness will work in starved human souls The majority of these girls—some still children, many of them widows or deserted wives, and nearly all of them destitute—have realised their first taste of the practical help beneath our friendly roof.

"To continue this w rk of human salvage," we need at least a "lac of rupees." In the name of India's women, we earnestly ask you to help us in "making the Madras Seva Sadan in truth, a Home of Service."

Donations may be sent to the Honorary General Secretary and Treasurer.

The Hindu.

WIDOWS' RIGHT TO INHERIT

The following resolution was unanimously passed at a meeting of the Ladies of Calcutta held at the Mary Carpenter Hall under the auspices of all the Indian Women's Organizations of Calcutta, namely, the Mahila Samiti, Nari Sikhsa Samiti, Mahila Rastriya Sangha, Gujarati Stree Mandal, Bharat Mahila Samiti. Bhagini Samiti, Arya Nari Samiti, Silpa Samiti, Saroj Nalini Nari Mangal Samiti, with. Mrs. Kamini Ray, the greatest of Bengali poetesses, in the chair.

"This meeting of the women of Calcutta held under the auspices of all the Indian women's organizations in Calcutta, supports the principle of the Hindu Widows' right of Inheritance Bill of Sreejut Harbilas Sarda as a step towards restoration of the original and just rights of Hindu women over inherited properties under the Hindu Law."

Widows undoubtedly have a right to inherit property.

—*The Modern Review.*

COCHIN STATE AND THE GIRL GUIDES.

The question of organising a Girl Guide movement in Cochin State has been engaging the attention of Rao Sahib C. Mathai, the Director of Public Instruction, for some time ; and, at the invitation of the Durbar, Miss Hillbrook, the Provincial Trainer of Girl Guides of the Madras Presidency, visited the Girls' Schools of the State to introduce the necessary propaganda.

Miss Hillbrook addressed a largely attended public meeting at the Girls' High School, Ernakulam, the subject of her discourse being "Girl Guiding."

Miss Hillbrook explained at length the aims and ideals of the Girl Guide movement, and gave a brief history of its origin and growth. She referred to the opposition to the movement in its early stages in England, and pointed out how the girls of England proved too strong for the opposers. She said that the Girl Guide movement was a counterpart of the Boy Scout movement, and that it was bound to grow, if the children took an interest in it. There were Guides and Blue-Birds in every part of the British Empire, though the number of Scouts was more than twice as large as that of the guides.

Speaking of the possibilities of the movement, there was a good deal in Guiding to interest the girls, and they had no "officers" but only "guiders", who moved with them on terms of equality. There was a great lack of understanding of the principles of the movement among the early pioneers in India, and this accounted largely for the slow progress of the movement.

The speaker urged that Indian teachers should come forward in larger number to train Indian girls in Guiding, the essential factor being that there should be perfect understanding between the Guides and their trainers. She appealed to her sister-women to lead the movement by becoming Commissioners and organisers, and said that women should take an important part in the movement.

She had visited thousands of Indian villages, and found that each village school could well have its own Guide Organisation. She urged that there should be arrangements made for training companies in every school and college, and said that Rural Boards could do much in giving an impetus to the movement. The movement was full of great possibilities for the rising generation.

Miss Hillbrook explained how the movement was first confined in India to European and Anglo-Indian girls and how gradually it became popular among Indian girls. The first really Indian Company was the 7th Poona Guide Company, which was still very strong and flourishing. In these days of nationalism, they should not find it difficult to join the movement and lead it themselves. The Guides could also be given some training in useful handicrafts.

WOMEN IN INSURANCE.

With the growing emancipation of women in this country, the question of the means by which those of them who desire to live independently or add to the earnings of their husbands might secure a livelihood, is coming more and more to the fore. A neglected field of their activities is pointed out by Mr. S. C Ray in *The Insurance and Finance Review*.

In Western countries, women have established successful positions for themselves in the insurance world. In England, except one office, all Insurance companies have a large number of women on their office staff and some of these workers are holding responsible positions. Three women are now occupying outstanding places in the realm of Insurance, *viz.*, Miss Edith Beesley, West-End Manager, Southern Life Association, Miss Marion French, Head of the Women's Section, Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co., and Mrs. Bovill, Agency Manager for United Kingdom, African Life Assurance Society.

Women insurance workers have become more successful in America, where quite a large number of women are employed on the agency staff of many insurance comyanies. One Insurance Company is running an agency department composed entirely of women who are sixty in number. During the year 1929, they secured aggregate new business amounting to one million pounds. Eight of these ladies secured personal business to the extent of £20,000 (Rs. 2.70 lakhs) or more each.

The time has come for women of our country to consider this question. There are women who have to earn their own living; others may also enhance the happiness of the family by tapping some sources of additional income. Perhaps the most suitable line of work, which they may take up, is insurance. They can approach men through the womenfolk of the family. They can also approach women, as insurance is as great a necessity for them as for men. And I have already stated that there are insurances companies, who accept proposals on female lives without much restriction.

The Modern Review.

MISS SHERLOCK HOLMES.

The report that eight women detectives, with full pay and special dress allowances to enable them to "play the part" in the best company, have been added to Scotland Yard's famous C. I. D., with the appropriate title of the "Mystery Eight" proves premature. But Miss Dorothy Peto, who is an enthusiast with very advanced views where women-police are concerned, has the ear of the Home Office, and will probably get her way. Women detectives are advocated as specially suitable for tracking down white slave and drug traffickers, the former of whom, at any rate, some experts regard as a sensational myth. But their advocacy is purely a feminist agitation, though with powerful influence behind it, and most police experts regard the whole thing as a waste of public money.

BLIND GIRL WORKERS.

So many people buy the work of London's blind girls and men, they may be interested to hear how the girls particularly are looked after in one of the big factories where they knit every type of woollen garment. Each girl has a knitting machine of her own, and seemed to be manipulating it in the most cleverly uncanny way. A girl, who is herself totally blind, was their teacher, and one of the supervisors told me there were fewer tears over the learning process since she had superseded a teacher who had sight. The cry, "I can't do it—I shall never be able to do it," is met by the quiet assurance of the teacher, "But I am blind, too, and you can learn, ust as I did." The girls work out very beautiful patterns, and all of them can earn from 30s. to 45s. a week.

MODERN GIRLS IN CHINA.

"My first impression", says a visitor, "was quite exciting and encouraging. As our boat reched the docks, I was standing on the

deck in the company of an American lady, who is a Principal of a leading Chinese Girls' College at Singapore and who was returning from Europe after a period of long leave, and the very first sight that caught my eye on the dock was a group of gay Chinese girls, over thirty in number, mostly under-graduates, all in the most up-to-date fashion with short skirts and bobbed hair, rouged and powdered, who came to welcome their Principal They talked English fluently and were as lively and noisy as any group of English girls would be.

I was introduced to some of them and I soon found that they were quite modern in their thoughts and ideals, and international in their outlook on life and things.

I had, a few days later, occasion to address a big gathering of college girls, Chinese and Malays, on Indian Art, and I noticed again their alertness and eagerness to know about things and to understand them.

The Chinese women have freed themselves, at any rate the educated section of them. One of the sights I enjoyed every evening at Singapore was the hundreds of Chinese women motorists, dressed in their best, driving their cars up and down the beach road taking the fresh air. The Chinese love luxury and comfort, but, with this redeeming feature, that they love to work hard and honestly also".

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